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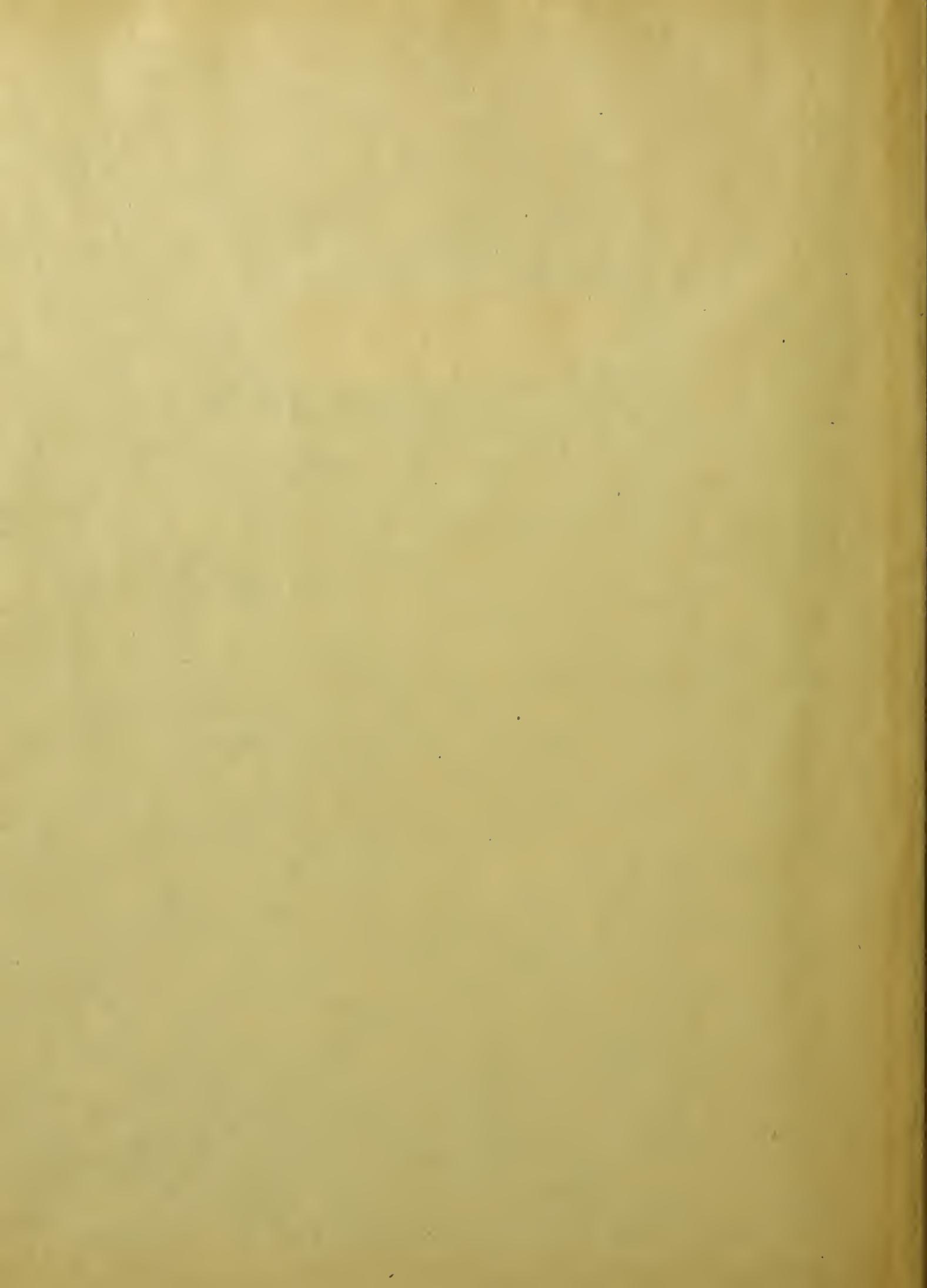


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GEORGE BUTTERWORTH

FOLK SONGS

FROM

SUSSEX

M1740
B88F6



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PREFACE

These eleven songs are chosen from the collection which Mr. Francis Jekyll and I have been making during the last six years. At this time of day I suppose it is hardly necessary to state that the tunes are printed exactly as they were sung, without "improvement" of any sort. As regards the words, every collector knows that they almost always require a certain amount of editing. One reason for this is that the words as sung very frequently contain obvious errors and corruptions; perhaps a rhyming word has been forgotten and a non-rhyming one substituted. Such mistakes are easily rectified as a rule, especially in cases where broadside versions are available for comparison. My principle throughout has been to alter as little as possible, and when doing so to adhere as closely as I could to the style of the original, never using any word or expression which could not occur in a folk-ballad.

In the following list I give the sources from which the songs were obtained:

- (1) **Yonder stands a lovely creature.** Noted by Francis Jekyll. Tune given by Mr. Martin, Fletching; words by Mrs. Cranstone, Billingshurst.
- (2) **A Blacksmith courted me.** Tune and words given by Mr. and Mrs. Verrall, Horsham.
- (3) **Sowing the seeds of love.** Tune and words given by Mrs. Cranstone, Billingshurst.
- (4) **A lawyer he went out.** Noted by Francis Jekyll. Tune given by Mrs. Verrall, Horsham; words given partly by her, but chiefly by Mrs. Cranstone.
- (5) **Come my own one.** Tune given by the children of Mr. Walter Searle, Amberley; words taken from a broadside.
- (6) **The Cuckoo.** Tune given by Mr. Wix, Billingshurst. The words to which the tune was sung were of inferior quality, and I have substituted these verses which were given to me by Mrs. Cranstone.
- (7) **A brisk young sailor courted me.** Noted by Francis Jekyll. Tune given by Mr. Ford, Scaynes Hill; words by Mrs. Cranstone.
- (8) **Seventeen come Sunday.** Tune and words given by Mrs. Cranstone.
- (9) **Roving in the dew.** Tune and verses 1, 4, 5 given by Mrs. Cranstone; verses 2 and 3 taken from a version kindly placed at my disposal by Dr. R. Vaughan Williams.
- (10) **The true lover's farewell.** Tune given by Mrs. Cranstone; words taken from an old chap-book.
- (11) **Tarry Trowsers.** Noted by Francis Jekyll. Tune and words given by Mrs. Verrall.

Where not otherwise stated, the songs were noted by myself.

My very best thanks are due to the above-mentioned singers for their ungrudging assistance, to Mr. Jekyll for his enthusiastic co-operation, and to Miss L. E. Broadwood and Dr. R. Vaughan Williams for providing me with valuable clues and other useful information.

GEORGE BUTTERWORTH.

19 Cheyne Gardens,
London, S.W.

80/6/1912

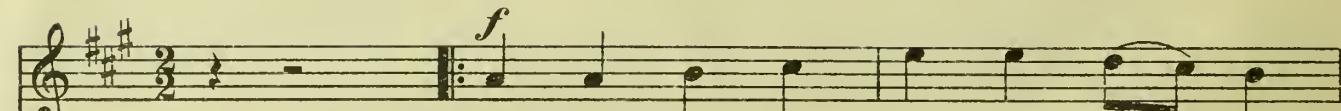
I.

YONDER STANDS A LOVELY CREATURE.

Con spirito. $\text{d} = 108.$

George Butterworth.

VOICE.



1. Yon - der stands a love - ly crea - ture,
2. "Ma - dam, I am come to court you,
3. "Ma - dam, I have gold and sil - ver,

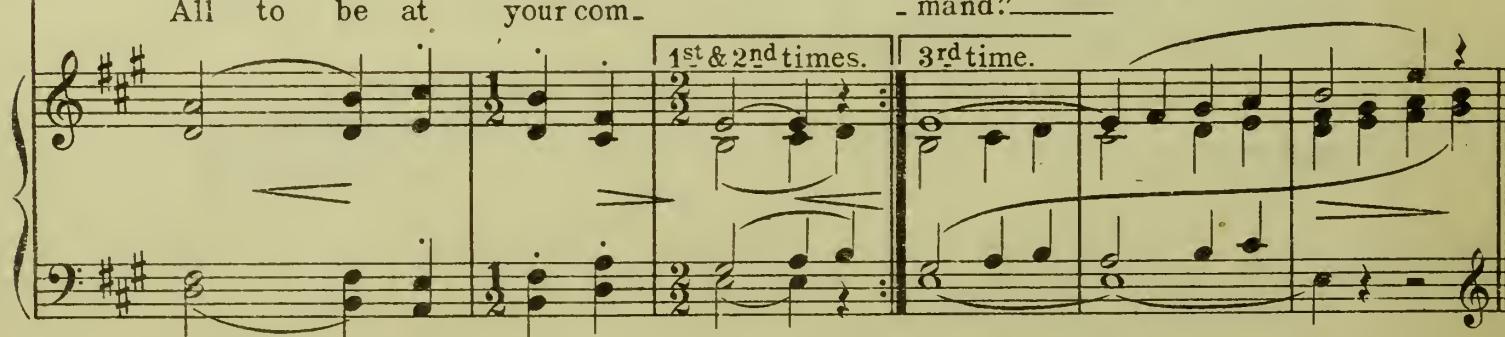
PIANO.



Who she is, I do not know: I'll go and court her for her beau - ty,
If your fa - vour I can gain: First your hand, love, then your wel - come,
Ma - dam, I have house and land: Ma - dam, I have the world of plea - sure,

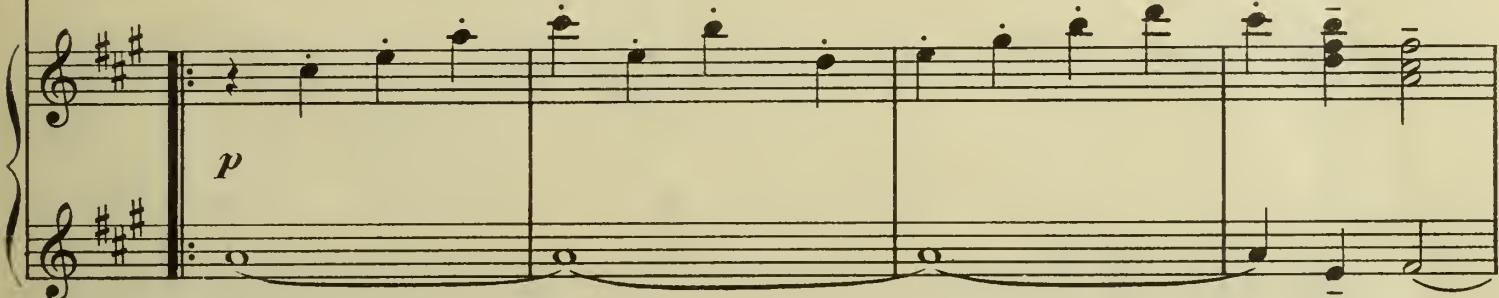


Let her an - swer "yes" or "no" —
P'rhaps that I'll not come a - gain" —
All to be at your com - mand?" —

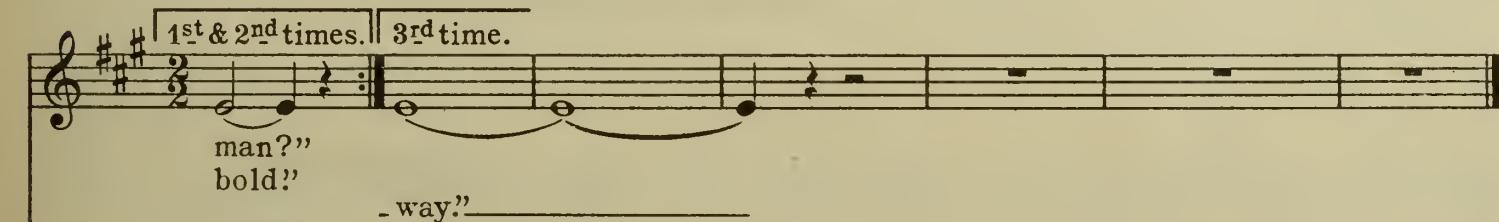
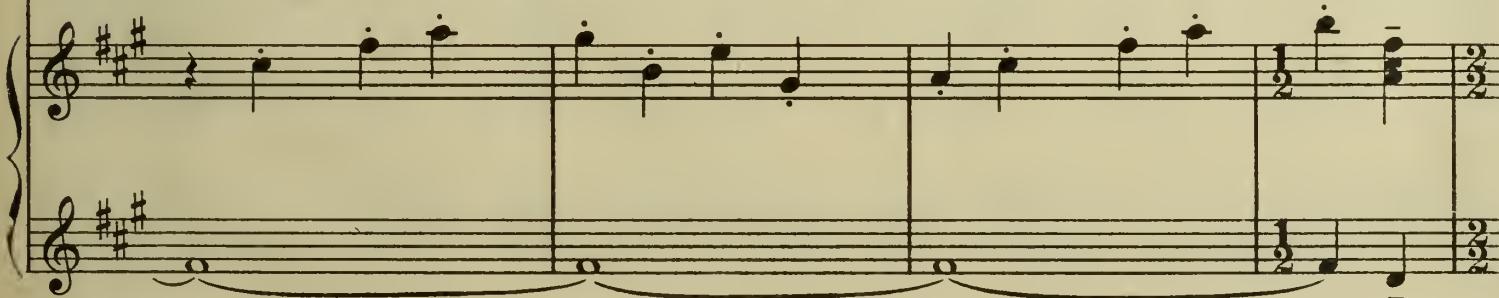
1st & 2nd times.3rd time.



4. "What care I for gold and sil - ver, What care I for house and land?
 5. "Ri - pest ap - ples soon_est rot - ten, Hot - test love it soon gets cold:
 6. "Af - ter net - tles then come ro - ses, Af - ter night then in comes day:



What care I for the world of pleasure, So long as I've got a nice young
 Young men's words are soon for - got - ten, So pray, young man, don't speak too
 Af - ter a false love then a true love, So we - pass our time a -



II.

A BLACKSMITH COURTED ME.

Moderato.

George Butterworth.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. A black-smith court-ed
love's gone a-cross those
news is come from a -

me nine long months and bet-ter, He stole my heart a -
fields with his cheeks like ro-ses, My love's gone a-cross those
broad, strange news is car-ried, Strange news is come to

way, wrote to me a let-ter, His
fields tell ga-ther-ing sweet po-sies, I
that my love is mar-ried, There

più forte

hammer all in his hand
fear the scorch-ing suns
is no truth in man,
he looked so brave and
will shine and spoil his
nor in fa - ther nor in

dimin.

cle - ver, And if I was with my love, I would
beau - ty, And if I was with my love, I would
bro - ther, And since I have lost my love, I will

dimin.

Last time.

live for e - ver. 2. My
do my du - ty. 3. Strange
seek no oth - er. (tacet)

Last time.

rit. last time

p

pp

III.

SOWING THE SEEDS OF LOVE.

Allegretto molto tranquillo. $\text{♩} = 100$.

George Butterworth.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. I sow - ed the seeds of
gard' - ner was stand - ing
li - ly I did not
June there's a ro - sy
wil - low tree will

love, It will blos - som all in the spring, It will
by, I asked him to choose for me, He
like, Be - cause it does fade so soon, The
bud, And it runs all o - ver me, Of
twist, And the wil - low tree will twine, And I

blos - som in A - pril, in May, and in June, When the
chose me the li - ly, the vio - let and pink, Each of
vio - let and pink I did both o - ver - look, And so
times I've been kissed by those red ro - sy lips, Till I
wish that I was in that young man's arms, That has

1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th times.

small birds do sweet - ly sing. 2. My -
them I re - fused all three. 3. The -
now I must bide till June. 4. In -
gained the green wil - low tree. 5. The -
sto - len this heart of

1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th times.

Last time.
mine.

Last time.

8 pp

IV.

A LAWYER HE WENT OUT.

Allegro non troppo. $\text{♩} = 112$.

George Butterworth.

VOICE.

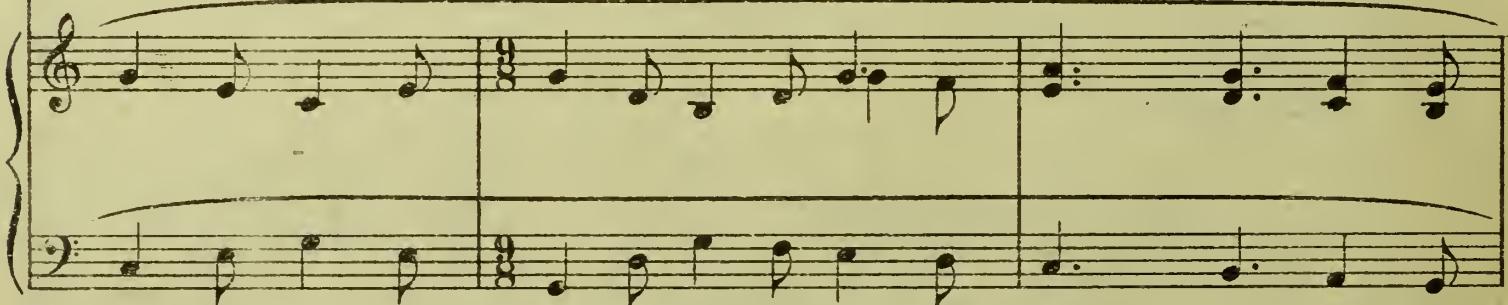


1. A law - yer he went out one day, A
morn - ing to you, pret - ty maid, O
take you up to Lon - don town, And
have none of your Lon - don town, Nor
now she is a poor man's wife, Her

PIANO.



ri - ding through the ci - ty, It was there he met with a
whi - ther are you go - ing?" "I am going a - down yon - der
all such love - ly pla - ces, I will busk you in - to a
a - ny oth - er pla - ces, I will not be busked in - to a
hus - band dear - ly loves her, And she lives a sweet and con -



hand - some maid, And he thought her so sweet and
 meadow," she said, "Where my fa - ther he is a -
 silk - en gown, Gold _____ rings and gold chains and
 silk - en gown, Gold _____ rings and gold chains and
 ten - ted life, There's no la - dy in town a -

pret - ty.
 mow - ing."
 la - ces."
 la - ces."
 bove - her.

2. "Good.
 3. "I'll
 4. "I'll
 5. And

1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th times.

Last time.

Last time.

V.

COME MY OWN ONE.

George Butterworth.

Animato. $\text{♩} = 144$.

VOICE.

PIANO.

clothes smell much of tar,
 on her bended knee she fell,
 meadows are so green,
 So be gone you saucy sailor boy, So be
 "I will wed my dear Hen-er-y, For I
 And since you re-fuse the offer, love, Some
 3
 3

gone you Jack Tai."
 love a sail-or lad well." 7. "I'm fro-lic-some, I'm ea-sy, Good-
 o-ther girl shall wear the ring."

tem-pered and free, I don't care a sin-gle pin, my boys, What the
 3
 3

world thinks of me.

8
 ff
 rit.

VI.

THE CUCKOO.

George Butterworth.

Moderato, quasi Allegretto. $\text{♩} = 112$.

VOICE.



1. The cuck - oo is a mer - ry bird, she
meet - ing is a plea - sure, but
grave it will rot you and
all you young wo - men wher -

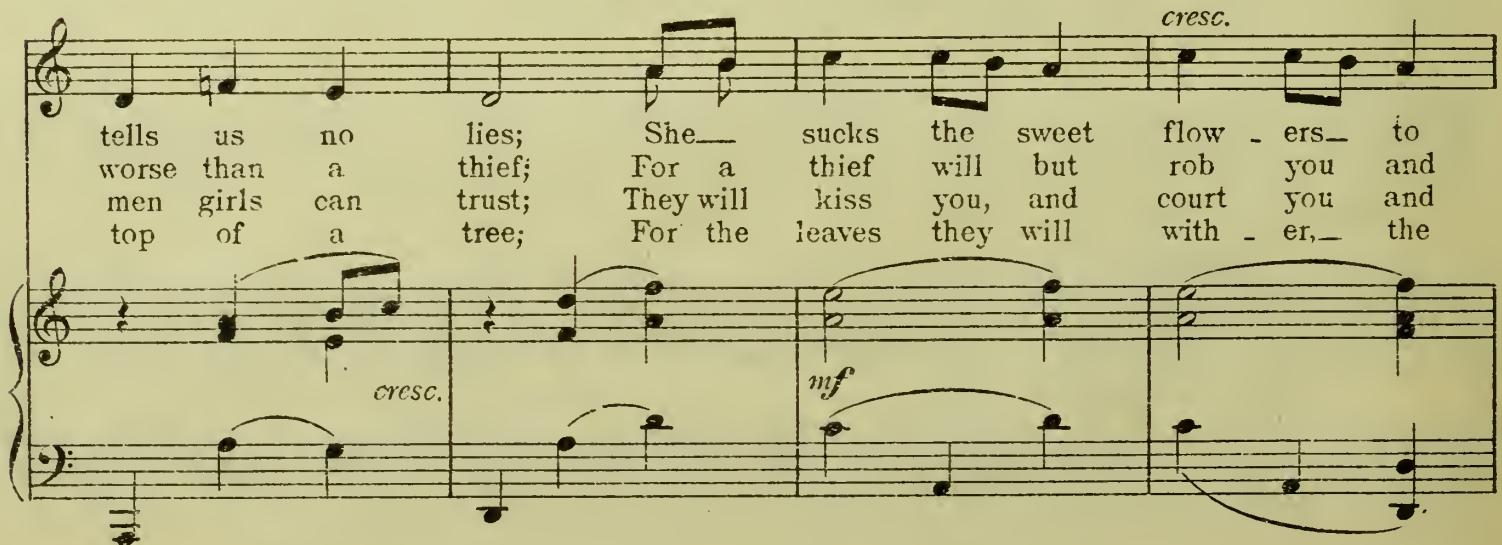
PIANO.

p

sings as she flies, She brings us good - ti - dings and
part - ing a grief, An in - con - stant - lo - ver is
bring you to dust, There is not one in twen - ty young
e - ver you be, Build ne - ver your - nest in the



tells us no lies; She sucks the sweet flow - ers - to
worse than a thief; For a thief will but rob you and
men girls can trust; They will kiss you, and court you and
top of a tree; For the leaves they will with - er, - the



dim.

make her sing clear,
take all you have,
swear to be true,
branch - es de - cay,

And she ne - ver sings "cuck - oo" till
But an in - con - stant lo - ver will
And the ve - ry next mo - ment they'll
And the beau - ty of fair maids will

p

sum - mer is near.
bring you to the grave.
bid you a - dieu.
soon fade a -

2. O
3. The
4. Come
way.

rit.

pp

VII.

A BRISK YOUNG SAILOR COURTED ME.

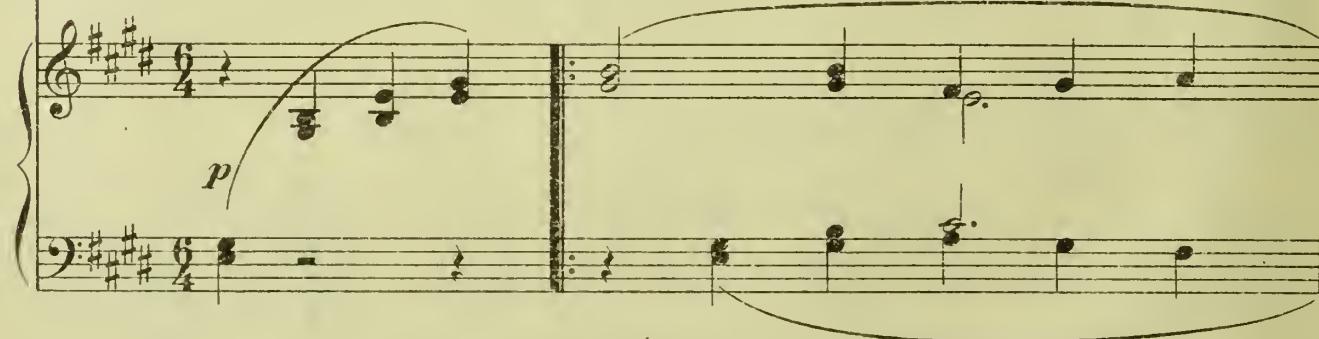
Allegretto teneramente. $\text{♩} = 120$.

George Butterworth.

VOICE.

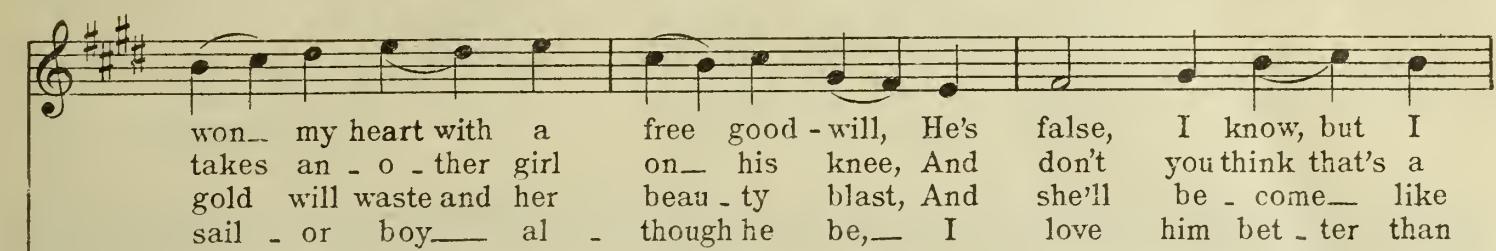


PIANO.



court - ed me, He stole a - way my li - ber - ty, He
 yon - der town, Where my love goes and sits him down, He
 tell you why, Be - cause she's got more gold than I, Her
 girl was I To give my heart to a sail - or boy, A



1st, 2nd & 3rd times.

Last time.

love him still.
grief to me?
me at last.

2. There
3. A
4. O he loves me.

1st, 2nd & 3rd times.

Last time.



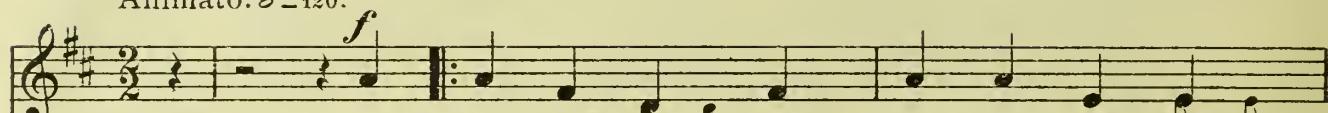
VIII.

SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY.

Animato. $\text{d}=120$.

George Butterworth.

VOICE.

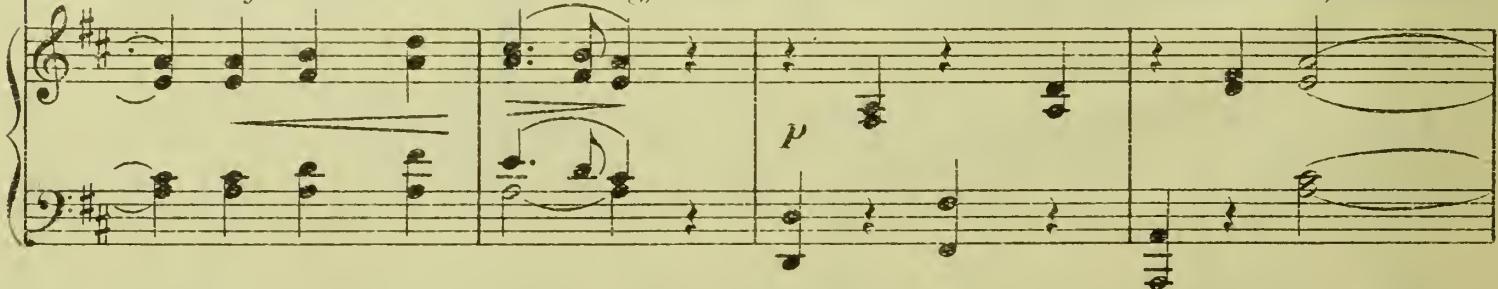


1. As I walked out one
shoes were bright, her
are you go-ing, my
old are you, my
now she's with her
May morn-ing, one
stock-ings white, and her
pret - ty maid, where
pret - ty maid, how
sol - dier lad, where the

PIANO.



May morn-ing so ear - ly, As I walked out one May morn-ing, one
buck - les shone like sil - ver, Her shoes were bright, her stock-ings white, and her
are you go-ing, my ho - ney, Where are you go-ing, my pret - ty maid, where
old are you, my ho - ney, How old are you, my pret - ty maid, how
wars they are a - larm - ing, And now she's with her sol - dier lad, where the



cresc.
May morn-ing so ear - ly, I _____ o - ver-took a
buck - les shone like sil - ver, She _____ had a black and a
are you go-ing, my ho - ney?" She _____ an - swered me right
old are you, my ho - ney?" She _____ an - swered me right
wars they are a - larm - ing, And the drum and fife are



hand - some maid, just as the sun was a - ris - ing,
 roll - ing eye, and her hair hung down her shoul - der,
 cheer - ful - ly, "On an er - rand for my mam - my," } Rue dal day,
 cheer - ful - ly, "I am se - ven - teen come Sun - day," }
 her de - light, and a mer - ry man in the morn - ing,

1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th times. Last time. *più forte*

Fol diddle day, Right fol did_dle dod_dle di - do, And the
 2. Her
 3. Where
 4. "How
 5. And

1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th times. Last time.

drum and fife are her de - light, and a mer - ry man in the morn - ing,

allargando

Rue dal day, Fol_diddle day, Right fol did_dle dod_dle di - do.

allargando

IX.

ROVING IN THE DEW.



George Butterworth.

Con anima. $\text{♩} = 152$.

VOICE.

1. "Where are you go - ing to,
2. "What is your fa - ther then,
3. "What is your mo - ther then,
4. "May I come a - long with you,

PIANO.

p

my pret - ty fair maid, Red ro - sy cheeks and coal - black hair?"
my pret - ty fair maid, Red ro - sy cheeks and coal - black hair?" "My
my pret - ty fair maid, Red ro - sy cheeks and coal - black hair?" "The
my pret - ty fair maid, Red ro - sy cheeks and coal - black hair?"

"I'm going a milk - ing, kind sir," she an - swered me, "For
fa - ther's a far - mer, kind sir," she an - swered me, "For
wife of my fa - ther, kind sir," she an - swered me, "For
"Just as it please you, kind sir," she an - swered me, "For

1. rov - ing in the dew makes the milk - maids fair."
 2. rov - ing in the dew makes the milk - maids fair."
 3. rov - ing in the dew makes the milk - maids fair."
 4. rov - ing in the dew makes the milk - maids fair."
 5. "Sup -

pose I ran a-way from you, my pret-ty fair maid, Red ro-sy cheeks and
 coal - black hair?" "The dev-il may run af-ter you,
 I will stand and laugh at you, For rov-ing in the dew makes the milk - maids fair."

X.

THE TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL.



George Butterworth.

Moderato. $\text{♩} = 100$.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Musical score for Voice and Piano. The score consists of four systems of music. System 1: Treble and Bass staves, 12/8 time, key signature of one flat. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by a melodic line. The piano accompaniment features sustained notes and eighth-note patterns. The lyrics start with "1. 'O don't you see the". System 2: Treble and Bass staves, 12/8 time, key signature of one flat. The vocal line continues with "little tur-tle-dove, That's sit-ting on yon-der tree,— And mak-ing moan for its". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. System 3: Treble and Bass staves, 12/8 time, key signature of one flat. The vocal line continues with "own true love, As I shall do for thee, my dear, As I shall do for thee?" The piano accompaniment ends with a forte dynamic. System 4: Treble and Bass staves, 12/8 time, key signature of one flat. The vocal line begins with "2. 'O fare you well,—my own true love, O fare you well for a while; And". The piano accompaniment features sustained notes and eighth-note patterns, with dynamics labeled "cresc." and "mf".

I will surely re - turn back a - gain, If I go ten thou sand a - mile, my dear, If I

cresc.

dim.

go ten thou sand a - mile." 3. "Shall the stars fall from the skies, my dear, Or the

p cresc. f

rocks melt with the sun? I will ne - ver be false to the girl of my heart, Till

sempre f ff

all these things be done, my dear, Till all these things be done."

sempre f ff pp

XI.

TARRY TROWSERS.

George Butterworth.

Commodo. ♩ = 112.

VOICE.

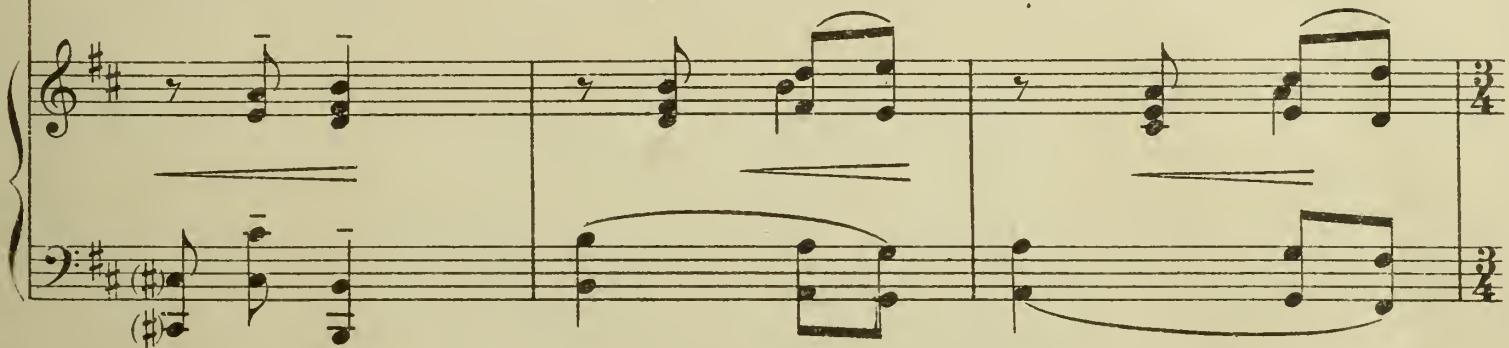
PIANO.

1. One fine morn - ing as
2. "Daugh - ter, I would
3. "Sail - ors they are
4. "Mo - ther, would you have me

I was walk - ing, The wea - ther be - ing
have you mar - ry, No long - er lead a
given to rov - ing, In - to fo - reign
wed a far - mer, Take from me my



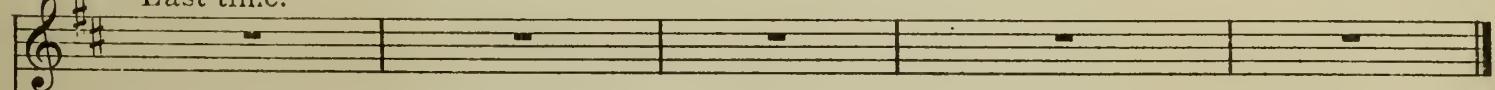
bright and clear, I o - ver - heard a ten - der mo - ther,
sin - gle life, "O no," said she, "I'd ra - ther tar - ry,
parts they go; Then they leave you bro - ken - heart - ed,
heart's de - light! Give me the lad whose tar - ry tar - ry trow - sers



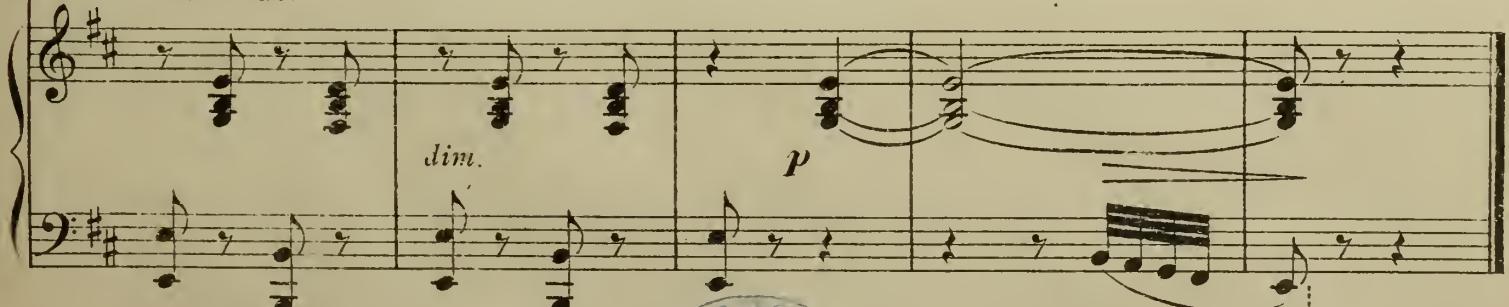
Talk - ing to her daugh - ter dear.
For my jol - ly sail - or bright."
Full of sor - row, grief and woe."
Shine to my eyes like dia - monds bright."



Last time.



Last time.



GEORGE BUTTERWORTH

SONGS

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BREDON HILL. (A. E. Housman)	<i>C to G; D to A, ea.</i>	2/-
COME, MY OWN ONE. (Sussex Folk Song)	<i>A to D; C to F, ea.</i>	2/-
I FEAR THY KISSES. (Shelley)	<i>B to E</i>	2/-
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ROVING IN THE DEW	<i>E to E</i>	1/-
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Words by A. E. Housman

Loveliest of Trees; When I was one-and-twenty;
Look not in my eyes; Think no more Lad; The
lads in their hundreds; Is my team ploughing?

BREDON HILL and other songs
from "A Shropshire Lad" 3/6

Words by A. E. Housman

Bredon Hill; Oh! fair enough are sky and plain;
When the lad for longing sighs, On the idle hill of
Summer; With rue my heart is laden

FOLK SONGS FROM SUSSEX 4/-

Yonder stands a lovely creature; A blacksmith
courted me; Sowing the seeds of love; A lawyer
he went out; Come, my own one; The Cuckoo;
A brisk young Sailor courted me; Seventeen
come Sunday; Roving in the Dew; The true
Lover's Farewell; Tarry Trowsers.

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